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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

TIMBUCTOO & HOUSA.

An Account of a Journey from Fas, to Timbuctoo, performed in or about the year 1787, A. C. By El Hage Abd Shabeeny.

The person who communicates the following intelligence is a Muselman, and a native of Tetuan, whose father and mother are personally known to Mr. Lucas the British consul. His name is Assed El Hage Abd Salam Shabeeny. His account of himself is, that at the age of fourteen he accompanied his father to Timbuctoo, from which town, after a residence of three years, he proceeded to Housa, and after residing at the latter two years he returned to Timbuctoo, where he resided seven years, and then came back to Tetuan.

Being now in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he proceeded from Tetuan as a pilgrim and merchant, with the caravan for Egypt to Mecca and Medina, and on his return established himself as a merchant at Tetuan his native place, whence he embarked on board a vessel bound for Hamburgh, in order to purchase linens and other merchandise that were requisite for his commerce.

On his return from Hamburgh in an English vessel, he was captured and carried prisoner to Ostend by a ship manned by Englishmen, but under Russian colours, the captain of which pretended that his imperial mistress was at war with all Muselmens. There he was released by the good offices of the British consul*, Sir John Peters, and embarked once more in the same vessel, which by the same mediation was also released; but as the captain either was or pretended to be afraid of a second capture, El Hage Abd Salam was sent ashore at Dover, and is now †; by the orders of government, to take his passage on board a king's ship that will sail in a few days.

In the following communication Mr. Beaufoy proposed the questions, and Mr. Lucas was the interpreter.

* Confirmed by Sir John Peters.

† In the year 1795.

Shabeeny was two years on his journey from Tetuan to Mecca before he returned to Fas. He made some profit on his merchandize, which consisted of haicks, a light garment manufactured at Fas, red caps and slippers, cochineal, and saffron; the returns were fine India muslins for turbans, raw silk, musk, and gebalia, a fine perfume that resembles black paste. He made a great profit by his traffic at Timbuctoo and Housa: but, he says, money gained among the Negroes (being idolaters) has not the blessing of God on it, but vanishes away without benefit to the owner; while that acquired in a journey to Mecca proves fortunate and becomes a permanent acquisition. On his return with his father from Mecca they settled at Tetuan, and often carried cattle, poultry, &c. to Gibraltar.

He considers himself now as fixed at Tetuan, where he has a wife and children.

Such are the particulars related to us of a person who now comes forward to throw that important light upon African geography which we proceed to concentrate in the following pages. How exceedingly interesting it is we shall not stop to impress, but at once proceed to our task, with feelings of great pleasure and pride at being the first to lay so remarkable a communication before the public. The volume whence it is derived will we presume be published in a few days; till then, the Literary Gazette precedes the march to the much-sought and celebrated city of Timbuctoo.

From Fas, Shabeeny went to Tafilet, the place of general meeting for all the merchants and caravans going to Timbuctoo. "The territory of Tafilet contains no towns, but abounds in fortresses with mud walls, which the natives call El Kassar, and which contain from three to four hundred families; in these fortresses there is a public market (in Arabic, Soke) every week, where the inhabitants purchase provisions, &c."

Shabeeny's next stage was to Draha, a province of the circuit of 4 or 5 days journey at the foot of Atlas, and famous for dates, which he reached in six days. In three days from Draha, whose natives are almost black, the caravan, now augmented to 300 or 400 camels, entered the desert or Sahara, which for the first 20 days is a plain

of sand resembling the sea. On the right and left, the country is inhabited by roving Arabs at the distance of three or four days journey from the track of the travellers. At the end of the 20 days, there is a change on the face of the country, particular spots, called *El Wah*, being fertile, and the Sederah or wild myrtle, on which camels browse, in abundance. There is also a small quantity of grass: and about 8 or 10 inches below the sandy surface a yellow or reddish earth, in strata of four feet in depth, beneath which again there is a brownish earth, and water which springs out of a light sand about 5 or 6 feet lower down. This last tract it also requires 20 days to pass. The country, right and left, is occupied by independent Arabs governed by their own Sheiks.

"From Akka to Timbuctoo, a journey of 43 days, they meet with no trees, except the Sederah, no rivers, towns, or huts. From Draha, which is a country abounding in camels, to Timbuctoo, the charge per camel is from 16 to 21 ducats*. That so long a journey is performed at so small an expence, is owing to the abundance of camels in Draha. The caravan generally contains from 300 to 400 men, of whom a great part prefer walking to the uneasy motion of the camels."

We now come to the situation and state of Timbuctoo.

"On the east side of the city of Timbuctoo there is a large forest, in which are a great many elephants. The timber here is very large. The trees on the outside of the forest are remarkable for having two different colours; that side which is exposed to the morning sun is black, and the opposite side is yellow. The body of the tree has neither branches nor leaves, but the leaves, which are remarkably large, grow upon the top only: so that one of these trees appears, at a distance, like the mast and round top of a ship. Shabeeny has seen trees in England much taller than these: within the forest the trees are smaller than on its skirts. There are no trees resembling these in the Emperor of Morocco's dominions. They are of such a size that the largest cannot be girded by two men. They bear a kind of berry about the size of a walnut, in clusters consisting of from 10 to 20 berries. Shabeeny cannot say what is the extent of this forest, but it is very large. Close to the town of Timbuctoo, on the south, is a small rivulet in which the inhabitants wash their clothes, and which is about two feet deep.

* From Fas to Tafilet, 20 days, for 11 ducats per camel. Tafilet to Draha, 6 days, for 11 ducats. Draha to Timbuctoo, 43 days, for 19½ ducats.—69 days, for 35½ ducats per camel load, which is about the rate of one farthing per quintal per mile.

It runs in the great forest on the east, and does not communicate with the Nile. It is lost in the sands west of the town. Its water is brackish; that of the Nile is good and pleasant. The town of Timbuctoo is surrounded by a mud wall: the walls are built tabia-wise* as in Barbary, viz. they make large wooden cases, which they fill with mud, and when that dries they remove the cases higher up till they have finished the wall. They never use stone or brick; they do not know how to make bricks. The wall is about 12 feet high, and sufficiently strong to defend the town against the wild Arabs who come frequently to demand money from them. It has three gates; one called Bab Sahara, or the gate of the desert, on the north: opposite to this, on the other side of the town, a second, called Bab Neel, or the gate of the Nile: the third gate leads to the forest on the east, and is called Bab El Kibla. † The gates are hung on very large hinges, and when shut at night, are locked, as in Barbary; and are farther secured by a large prop of wood placed in the inside sloping against them. There is a dry ditch, or excavation, which circumscribes the town, (except at those places which are opposite the gates,) about 12 feet deep, and too wide for any man to leap it. The three gates of the town are shut every evening soon after sun-set: they are made of folding doors, of which there is only one pair. The doors are lined on the outside with untanned hides of camels, and are so full of nails that no hatchet can penetrate them; the front appears like one piece of iron.

"The town is once and a half the size of Tetuan ‡, and contains, besides natives, about 10,000 || of the people of Fas and Morocco. The native inhabitants of the town of Timbuctoo may be computed at 40,000, exclusive of slaves and foreigners. Many of the merchants who visit Timbuctoo are so much attached to the place that they cannot leave it, but continue there for life. The natives are all blacks: almost every stranger marries a female of the town, who are so beautiful that travellers often fall in love with them at first sight."

* The tabia walls are thus built: they put boards on each side of the wall supported by stakes driven in the ground, or attached to other stakes laid transversely across the wall; the intermediate space is then filled with sand and mud, and beat down with large wooden mallets, (as they beat the terraces) till it becomes hard and compact; the cases are left on for a day or two; they then take them off, and move them higher up, repeating this operation till the wall be finished.

† El Kibla signifies the tomb of Muhamed: in most African towns there is a Kibla-gate, which faces Medina in Arabia.

‡ That is about four miles in circumference. Tetuan contains 16,000 inhabitants; but, according to this account, Timbuctoo contains 50,000, besides slaves, a population above three times that of Tetuan: now, as the houses of Timbuctoo are more spacious than those of Tetuan, it is to be apprehended that Shabeny has committed an error in describing the size of Timbuctoo.

|| Who go there for the purposes of trade.

There are Inns or Caravanseras, where strangers lodge, and fondacs where they deposit their merchandize. These fondacs are called Wool by the Negroes, and in 1800 many of them were rented from the king, whose name was Woolo. In the houses little furniture is seen, besides beds, mats, and carpets covering the whole room, which are about 14 feet by 10.

"Timbuctoo is governed by a native black, who has the title of sultan. He is tributary to the sultan of Housa, and is chosen by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, who write to the king of Housa for his approbation. Upon the death of a sultan, his eldest son is most commonly chosen. The son of a concubine cannot inherit the throne; if the king has no lawful son (son of his wife) at his decease, the people choose his successor from among his relations. The sultan has only one lawful wife, but keeps many concubines: the wife has a separate house for herself, children, and slaves. He has no particular establishment for his concubines, but takes any girl he likes from among his slaves. His wife has the principal management of his house. The sultan's palace is built in a corner of the city, on the east; it occupies a large extent of ground within an inclosure, which has a gate. Within this square are many buildings; some for the officers of state. The king often sits in the gate to administer justice, and to converse with his friends. There is a small garden within it, furnishing a few flowers and vegetables for his table; there is also a well, from which the water is drawn by a wheel*. Many female slaves are musicians. The king has several sons, who are appointed to administer justice to the natives. Except the king's relations, there are no nobles nor any privileged class of men as in Barbary †: those of the blood-royal are much respected. The officers of state are distinguished by titles like those of Morocco; one that answers to an Alkaid, i. e. a captain of 700, of 500, or of 100 men; another like that of bashaw. The king, if he does not choose to marry one of his own relations, takes a wife from the family of the chiefs of his council; his daughters marry among the great men. The queen-dowager has generally an independent provision, but cannot marry. The concubines of a deceased king cannot marry, but are handsomely provided for by his successor."

The revenue accrues from land, mercantile duties on goods exposed to sale, and 2 per cent. on produce. The troops are paid by the king of Housa, and armed with pikes, swords, cutlasses, sabres, and muskets. In war they amount to 12 or 15,000; and even in peace the establishment receiving daily pay is 5000: they are all infantry.

* A wheel similar to the Persian wheel, worked by a mule or an ass, having pots, which throw the water into a trough as they pass round, which trough discharges the water into the garden, and immerses the plants.

† The privileged class of men in Barbary are the Fakcers; but no one in Barbary is noble but the king's relations, who are denominated shereefs.

Punishments are the bastinado, imprisonment, and fine. If a native slays another he must attend and support him till he is cured, and then suffer fine and bastinado; if he dies, the offender is put to death. The capital inflictions are beheading, hanging, strangling, and bastinadoing to death.

"Beheading is preferred; it is thus performed: the criminal sits down, and a person behind gives him a blow or push on the back or shoulder, which makes him turn his head, and while his attention is thus employed, the executioner strikes it off. Hanging and strangling are seldom used; and bastinadoing to death, is only inflicted when the crime is highly aggravated. Capital crimes are, murder, robbery with violence, and stealing cattle. Small offences, as stealing slaves and other articles, are punished by the bastinado. The landed estates of criminals are never forfeited †. The police is so good, that merchants reside there in perfect safety."

The slaves are all foreign, and their lives entirely at the disposal of their master; but they are entitled to freedom on three grounds, viz. want of food, want of clothes, want of shoes. The succession to property and administration of justice are settled in a manner worthy of a civilized people. A man pays a certain sum to the father of his wife, who returns it double in jewels bestowed on his daughter; the girl is sent home, and a night-feast ensues. Rape is punished capitally. "Seduction and adultery are not cognisable by law. The law says, 'a woman's flesh is her own, she may do with it what she pleases.' Prostitutes are common. A man may marry his niece, but not his daughter." Circumcision is not practised.

"Timbuctoo is the great emporium for all the country of the blacks, and even for Morocco and Alexandria.

"The principal articles of merchandize are tobacco, kameemas ‡, beads of all colours for necklaces, and cowries, which are bought at Fas by the pound §. Small Dutch looking-glasses, some of which are convex, set in gilt paper frames. They carry neither swords, muskets, nor knives, except such as are wanted in the caravan. At the entrance of the desert they buy rock-salt of the Arabs, who bring it to them in loads ready packed, which they carry as an article of trade. In their caravan there were about 500 camels, of which about 150 or 200 were laden with salt."

"The returns are made in gold-dust, slaves, ivory, and pepper; gold-dust is preferred and is brought to Timbuctoo from Housa in small leather bags. Cowries and gold-dust are the medium of traffic. The shereefs and other merchants generally sell their goods to some of the principal native merchants, and immediately send off the slaves, taking their gold-dust with them into

¶ But go to the next heir.

‡ Kameema is the Arabic word for the linen called *plattias*. They are worth 50 Mexico dollars each, at Timbuctoo.

§ Called, in Amsterdam, *Felt Spiegels*, and in Timbuctoo, *Murrah de juph*.

other countries. The merchants residing at Timbuctoo have agents or correspondents in other countries; and are themselves agents in return. Timbuctoo is visited by merchants from all the neighbouring black countries. Some of its inhabitants are amazingly rich. The dress of common women has been often worth 1000 dollars. A principal source of their wealth is lending gold-dust and slaves at high interest to foreign merchants, which is repaid by goods from Morocco and other countries, to which the gold-dust and slaves are carried. They commonly trade in the public market, but often send to the merchant or go to his house. Cowries in the least damaged are bad coin, and go for less than those that are perfect. There are no particular market days; the public market for provisions is an open place fifty feet square, and is surrounded by shops. The Arabs sit down on their goods in the middle, till they have sold them.

"The black natives are smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and masons, but not weavers. The Arabs in the neighbourhood are weavers, and make carpets resembling those of Fas and of Mesurata, where they are called telisse; they are of wool, from their own sheep, and camels' hair. The bags for goods, and the tents, are of goats' and camels' hair; there are no palmetto trees in that country."

The country is well cultivated except on the side of the desert; the produce consists of rice, beans, and a corn called *Allila* the *Drah* of Barbary; they have no wheat or barley. Dews are very heavy, and irrigation by canals cut from the Nile, and by wells, as in Egypt, is employed. They have violent thunder storms in summer, but no rains. The winter lasts two months, though the weather is cool from September to April. Rice is the principal food. They roast, boil, bake, and stew; and take three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, at 8 o'clock, 3, and soon after sunset. They drink only water or milk, and have no palm wine, or fermented liquor. When they want to be exhilarated after dinner, they provide a plant of an intoxicating quality called *el hashishka* †, of which they take a handful before a draught of water.

Of their animals "goats are very large, as big as the calves in England, and very plentiful; sheep are also very large. Cattle are small; many are oxen. Milk of camels and goats is preferred to that of cows. Horses are small, and are principally fed upon camels' milk; they are of the greyhound shape, and will travel three days without rest. They have dromedaries which travel from Timbuctoo to Tafillet (1200

British miles) in the short period of five or six days.

"They have common fowls, ostriches, and a bird larger than our blackbird; also storks, which latter are birds of passage, and arrive in the spring and disappear at the approach of winter; swallows, &c.

Of fish, they have many extremely good in the Nile; one of the shape and size of our salmon; the largest of these are about four feet long. They use lines and hooks brought from Barbary, and nets, like our casting nets, made by themselves. They strike large fish with spears and fish-gigs.

Of their dress, we learn that the "Sultan wears a white turban of very fine muslin, the ends of which are embroidered with gold, and brought to the front; this turban comes from Bengal. He wears a loose white cotton shirt, with sleeves long and wide, open at the breast; unlike that of the Arabs, it reaches to the small of the leg; over this a *caftan* of red woollen cloth, of the same length; red is generally esteemed. The shirt (*kumja*) is made at Timbuctoo, but the *caftan* comes from Fas, ready made; over the *caftan* is worn a short cotton waistcoat, striped white, red, and blue; this comes from Bengal, and is called *juliba*. When he is seated, all the sleeves are turned up over the shoulder, so that his arms are bare, and the air is admitted to his body.

"Upon his turban, on the forehead, is a ball of silk, like a pear; one of the distinctions of royalty. He wears also a close red skull cap, like the Moors of Tetuan, and two sashes, one over each shoulder, such as the Moors wear round the waist; they are rather cords than sashes, and are very large; half a pound of silk is used in one of them. The subjects wear but one; they are either red, yellow, or blue, made at Fas. He wears, like his subjects, his sash round the waist, also made at Fas; of these there are two kinds,—one of leather, with a gold buckle in front, like those of the soldiers in Barbary; the other of silk, like those of the Moorish merchants. He wears, (as do the subjects) breeches made in the Moorish fashion, of cotton in summer, made at Timbuctoo, and of woollen in winter, brought ready made from Fas. His shoes are distinguished by a piece of red leather, in front of the leg, about three inches wide, and eight long, embroidered with silk and gold. When he sits in his apartment, he wears a dagger, with a gold hilt, which hangs on his right side: when he goes out, his attendants carry his musket, bow, arrows, and lance.

"His subjects dress in the same manner, excepting the distinctions of royalty; viz. the pear, the sashes on the shoulders, and the embroidered leather on the shoes. The sultana wears a *caftan*, open in front from top to bottom, under this a slip of cotton like the kings, an Indian shawl over the shoulders, which ties behind, and a silk handkerchief about her head. Other women dress in the same manner. They wear no drawers. The poorest women are always clothed. They never show their bosom. The men and women wear ear-rings. The general expense of a woman's dress is from two ducats

to thirty. Their shoes are red, and are brought from Morocco. Their arms and ancles are adorned with bracelets. The poor have them of brass; the rich, of gold. The rich ornament their heads with cowries. The poor have but one bracelet on the leg, and one on the arm; the rich, two. They also wear gold rings upon their fingers. They have no pearls or precious stones. The women do not wear veils."

The king keeps 500 or 600 horses, and hunts the antelope, wild ass, ostrich, and oudail, or wild cow of Africa, described by Jackson in his Morocco (chapter on Zoology). They have the finest greyhounds in the world, with which they pursue the antelope only, the ostrich being too fleet for any dog. All these animals of chase are gregarious. They are shot both by the musket and bow. There are no lions, tigers, or wild boars near Timbuctoo.

The games for play are chess and draughts, at which the natives are very expert; they have no cards; but tumblers, jugglers, ventriloquists, whose voices seem to come from under their arm-pits; music which is pleasing and of more than twenty sorts; dances, some of which are very indecent.

"They measure time by days, weeks, lunar months and lunar years; yet few can ascertain their age. They have no temples, churches, or mosques, no regular worship nor sabbath. But once in three months they have a great festival, which lasts two or three days, sometimes a week, and is spent in eating and drinking. He does not know the cause; but thinks it, perhaps, a commemoration of the king's birth day; no work is done. They believe in a Supreme Being and another state of existence, and have saints and men whom they revere as holy. Some of them are sorcerers, and some ideots, as in Barbary and Turkey; and though physicians are numerous, they expect more effectual aid in sickness from the prayers of the saints, especially in the rheumatism. Music is employed to excite ecstasy in the saint, who, when in a state of inspiration, tells (on the authority of some departed saint, generally of Seedy Muhamed Seef,) what animal must be sacrificed for the recovery of the patient: a white cock, a red cock, a hen, an ostrich, an antelope, or a goat. The animal is then killed in the presence of the sick, and dressed; the blood, feathers, and bones are preserved in a shell and carried to some retired spot, where they are covered and marked as a sacrifice. No salt or seasoning is used in the meat, but incense is used previous to its preparation. The sick man eats as much as he can of the meat, and all present partake; the rice, or what else is dressed with it, must be the produce of charitable contributions from others, not of the house or family; and every contributor prays for the patient.

"The nails and palms of the hands are stained red with henna, cultivated there: the Arabs tattoo their hands and arms; but not the people of Timbuctoo. These people are real negroes; they have a slight mark on the face, sloping from the eye; the Fou-

* This seems to differ from the statement that brides receive jewels on their marriage.—Ed.

† *El Hashishka*. This is the African hemp plant: it is esteemed for the extraordinary and pleasing voluptuous vacuity of mind which it produces on those who smoke it: unlike the intoxication from wine, a fascinating stupor pervades the mind, and the dreams are agreeable. The *Mei* is the flower and seeds of the plant: it is a strong narcotic, so that those who use it cannot do without it. For a further description of this plant, see Jackson's Morocco, 2d or 3d edit. p. 131 & 132.

lans have a horizontal mark; the Bambarahes a wide gash from the forehead to the chin. Tombs are raised over the dead; they are buried in a winding-sheet and a coffin; the relations mourn over their graves, and pronounce a panegyric on the dead. The men and women mix in society, and visit together with the same freedom as in Europe. They sleep on mattresses, with cotton sheets, and a counterpane; the married, in separate beds in the same room. They frequently bathe the whole body, their smell would otherwise be offensive; they use towels brought from India. At dinner they spread their mats and sit as in Barbary. They smoke a great deal, but tobacco is dear; it is the best article of trade. Poisoning is common; they get the poison from the fangs of snakes; but, he says, most commonly from a part of the body near the tail, by a kind of distillation."

"There are no Arabs between Timbuctoo and the Nile; they live on the other side, and would not with impunity invade the lands of these people, who are very populous, and could easily destroy any army that should attempt to molest them. The lands are chiefly private property. The Foulans are very beautiful. The Bambarahs have thick lips and wide nostrils. The king of Foulan is much respected at Timbuctoo; his subjects are Muhamedans, but not circumcised. They cannot be made slaves at Timbuctoo; but the Arabs steal their girls and sell them; not for slavery, but for marriage."

"Girls are marriageable very young; sometimes they have children at ten years old."

Thus far we have gleaned the information relating to the far-famed and little known Timbuctoo. We now take up the equally remarkable circumstances of the "Journey from that city to Housa."

"Shabeeny, after staying three years at Timbuctoo, departed for Housa: and crossing the small river close to the walls, reached the Nile in three days, travelling through a fine, populous, cultivated country, abounding in trees, some of which are a kind of oak, bearing a large acorn, much finer than those of Barbary, which are sent as presents to Spain. Travelling is perfectly safe. They embarked on the Nile in a large boat with one mast, a sail, and oars; the current was not rapid; having a favourable wind, on his return, he came back in as short a time as he went. The water was very red and sweet. The place where they embarked is called Mushgreelia; here is a ferry, and opposite is a village. As the current is slow, and they moored every night, they were eight or ten days sailing down the stream to Housa. They had ten or twelve men on board, and when it was calm, or the wind contrary, they rowed; they steered with an oar, the boat having no rudder. He saw a great many

• All true Muhamedans are circumcised, so that they must partake of Paganism if uncircumcised.

boats passing up and down the river; there are more boats on this river between Mushgreelia and Housa than between Rosetta and Cairo on the Nile of Egypt. A great many villages are on the banks. There are boats of the same form as those of Tetuan and Tangiers, but much larger, built of planks, and have ribs like those of Barbary; instead of pitch or tar, they are caulked with a sort of red clay, or bole. The sail is of canvas of flax (not cotton) brought from Barbary, originally from Holland; it is square. They row like the Moors, going down the stream.

"There is a road by land from Timbuctoo to Housa, but on account of the expence it is not used by merchants: Shabeeny believes it is about 5 days' journey. If you go this way, you must cross the river before you reach Housa. They landed at the port of Housa, distant a day and a half from the town; their merchandise was carried from this port on horses, asses, and horned cattle; the blacks dislike camels; they say, "These are the beasts that carry us into slavery." The country was rich and well cultivated; they have a plant bearing a pod called mellochua, from which they make a thick vegetable jelly. There is no artificial road from Timbuctoo to the Nile; near the river the soil is miry. Shabeeny travelled from Timbuctoo to Housa in the hot weather when the Nile was nearly full; it seldom falls much below the level of its banks; he travelled on horseback from Timbuctoo to the river, and slept two nights upon the road in the huts of the natives. One of the principal men in the village leaves his hut to the travellers and gives them a supper; in the mean time he goes to the hut of some friend, and in the morning receives a small present for his hospitality."

"The River Neel or Nile.—The Neel El Kebeer, (that is the Great Nile,) like the Neel Masser or Nile of Egypt, is fullest in the month of August, when it overflows in some places where the banks are low; the water which overflows is seldom above midleg; the banks are covered with reeds, with which they make mats. Camels, sheep, goats, and horses, feed upon the banks, but during the inundation are removed to the uplands. The walls of the huts both within and without are cased with wood to the height of about three feet, to preserve them from the water; the wells have the best water after the swelling of the river. The flood continues about ten days; the abundance of rice depends on the quantity of land flooded. He always understood that the Nile empties itself in the sea, the salt sea, or the great ocean. There is a village at the port of Housa where he landed; the river here is much wider than where he embarked, and still wider at Jinnie. He saw no river enter the Nile in the course of his voyage. It much resembles the Nile of Egypt; gardens and lands are irrigated from it. Its breadth is various; in some places he thinks it narrower than the Thames at London, in others much wider; at the landing place they slept in the hut of a native, and next morning at sunrise sett off for Housa, where they arrived in twelve hours through a fine

plain without hills; the country is much more populous than between Timbuctoo and the Nile. Ferry boats are to be had at several villages."

"Housa.—They did not see the town till they came within an hour from it, or an hour and a half; it stands in a plain. Housa is south-east of Timbuctoo, a much larger city and nearly as large as London. He lived there two years, but never saw the whole of it. It has no walls; the houses are like those of Timbuctoo, and form irregular lanes or streets like those of Fas or Morocco, wide enough for camels to pass with their loads. The palace is much larger than that of Timbuctoo; it is seven or eight miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall; he remembers but four gates, but there may be more; he thinks the number of guards at each gate is about 50: it is in that part of the town most distant from the Nile. The houses are dark coloured and flat roofed. He thinks Cairo is about one third larger than Housa; the streets are much wider than those of Timbuctoo; the houses are covered with a kind of clay of different colours, but never white. They have no chalk or lime in the country."

At Housa the religion, government, administration of justice, trade, disposition of property, &c. are not much different from Timbuctoo. They write from right to left, possibly the ancient Carthaginian character: it is very large, probably half an inch long. The king can raise an army of 70 or 80,000 horse and 100,000 infantry. They fight with matchlocks, manufacture gunpowder, and are wonderfully dexterous with the lance and bow."

"The hour is an indefinite term, and assimilates to our expression of a good while; it is from half an hour by the dial to six hours, and the difference is expressed by the word *trahad saa kabeeer*, a long hour; and *trahad saa sceer*, a little hour; also by the elongation of the last syllable of the last word."

"He saw no camels at Housa, but heard they use them to fetch gold, and cover their legs with leather, to guard them from snakes. They have dogs and cats, but no scorpions or snakes in their houses: Lice, bugs, and fleas abound. He saw no wild animals or fowl in the neighbourhood of Housa."

"In person the natives are of various sizes, but the tallest man he ever saw was at Housa. The city being very large, he seldom had an opportunity of seeing the king, as at Timbuctoo. He saw him but twice in two years, and only in the courts of justice; he was remarkable for the width of his nostrils, the redness of his eyes, the smoothness of his skin, and the fine tint of his perfectly black complexion."

"The ground where gold is found is about sixteen miles from Housa. They go in the night with camels whose legs and feet are covered to protect them against snakes, they take a bag of sand, and mark with it the places that glitter with gold; in the morning they collect where marked, and carry it to refiners, who, for a small sum, separate the gold. There are no mountains or rivers

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near the spot; it is a plain without sand, of a dark brown earth. Any person may go to seek gold; they sell it to the merchants, who pay a small duty to the king. The produce is uncertain; he has heard that a bushel of earth has produced the value of twelve ducats, three pounds sterling, of pure gold. They set out from Housa about two o'clock in the afternoon, arrive about sun-set, and return the next day seeking for gold during the whole night."

"The limits of the empire beyond Timboo, on the north side of the Nile, are very extensive. Afnoo is subject to the king of Housa; no slaves can be made from thence. Darneel is near Afnoo; the latter is on the north side of the river, nearer to its source, and a great way from Timbuctoo. No Arabs are found on the banks of the Nile. He supposes the circumference of the empire to be about twenty-five days' journey; he has heard that many other large towns are dependent upon it, but does not remember their names."

"The neighbouring countries are Bambarra, Timboo, Mooshee, and Jinnie; all negroes. He has heard of Bernoo as a great empire."

"The iron mines are in the desert; the iron is brought in small pieces by the Arabs, who melt and purify it. They cannot cast iron. They use charcoal fire, and form guns and swords with the hammer and anvil. The points of their arrows are barbed with iron; the cross bows have a groove for the arrow. No man can draw the bow by his arm alone, they have a kind of lever; the bow part is of steel brought from Barbary, and is manufactured at Timbuctoo. They do not make steel themselves."

"They inoculate for the small-pox; the pus is put into a dried raisin and eaten. 'Rooka Dindooka' is a kind of oath, and means, by God. They believe only one God. After dinner they use the Arabic expression, El Hamed Ulillah; praise to be to God."

"They believe the immortality of the soul, and that both men and women go to paradise; that there is no future punishment; the wicked are punished in this world. Happiness, after death, consists in being in the presence of God."

The remainder of the volume whence we have made these selections, so curious and important in African geography, is replete with matter, which, much as we desire to lay before our readers, we must reserve for hereafter. We can only say, that Mr. Jackson has laid us under a deep obligation by his notes and intelligence concerning this third portion of the Old World, independent of the accounts of that particular region, in the attempt to reach which, Parke and others of our bravest countrymen have perished.

The Diary of an Invalid; being the Journal of a Tour in pursuit of Health in

Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By Henry Mathews, A. M. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 518.

This performance is very accurately described, in its concluding paragraph, to be "a volume, which, from the desultory and careless character of its contents, can have no higher pretensions than to furnish the pocket of a travelling chaise, or occupy the settee of a parlour window." It might perhaps be wished that some curtailments had rendered it more portable for the former use, and less bulky for the latter; for, really, five hundred and odd pages constitute rather a heavy plaything, and fifteen shillings is a sum super-trifling. Mr. Mathews, however, has chosen a good title *ad captandum*, and generally trundles us along with him in a neat pleasing way. Had not Mr. Rose preceded him in manner, and a good deal in subject; and Forsyth, Williams, and other recent travellers, anticipated him so entirely as to divest three fourths of his work of the charm of novelty, it would have been infinitely more entertaining; but this defect lies in the thing itself, and not in the execution. The author may indeed be most truly said to be one of the tribe of gentlemen who write with ease; but it is not equally true of his penmanship, that your easy writing's d—d hard reading. That we consider his book to be too long by at least one third, is the fact; and that he is occasionally flippant, and oftener peremptory and dogmatical in his opinions concerning foreign manners and customs, there is no denying; but without there is an excellent common-sense foundation in all his remarks; and on classical subjects, or those connected with the fine arts, we think he displays much taste and judgement. But the few observations with which we shall have occasion to interlard our extracts will more appropriately define our judgment and we advance to that mode without further introduction.

During a short residence at Lisbon the author could, it may be supposed, pick up nothing new. Amongst the minor plagues of the place, with which, and the Portuguese character altogether, he seems to have been mightily disgusted, he mentions the flies. "The rooms," he says, "are full of them: they attack you in countless myriads, and their annoyance is intolerable. With what different feelings would one read the story of Domitian,—in England and at Lisbon!—There I sympathised with the flies—here with Domitian; whose hostility seems very justifiable, and whose expertness is the

daily subject of my emulation." Again, "As I was returning from my stroll, I sat down on the steps of a statue; but I was hurried away by observing a man ridding himself of a numerous retinue of vermin on the other side of the pedestal, and cracking them by dozens on the steps. And so much for the Lusitanian, or as it might with more propriety be called, the Lousytanian metropolis. I shall quit it without one feeling of regret. In fact, to remain in it is impossible—I am fairly stunk out."

The first of these extracts is playful: the last too much *à la Rose*. It is strange, that among one class of educated persons, and of those moving in the upper circles, there should be a sort of slang, regardless of propriety and delicacy, apparently put forward as evidence of smartness and humour, but in sober sadness, offensive to politeness and taste, and not half so amusing as the vulgarities of the absolutely vulgar. We have rarely seen university wit clear of this blemish. The stupid jokes of the college lad are retained with fond pertinacity by the learned man; and even Mr. Mathews' puns upon *Jupiter* and *Jew Peter*, as if the jest were worth the reprinting in the diary of even an Invalid. On the same principle of dislike to this species of literary or fashionable indecorum, which caused us to censure his prototype in sickness, in resorting to Albemarle Street for the cure of his mania in the topical use of the press, and in throwing out the disorder in the shape of *Travels*... we mean Mr. Rose; we cannot but repeat our disapprobation of such phrases as those about Jews crossing the breed, cardinals' train-bearers or tail-twisters, &c. &c. and especially of those details (page 191), which he justly states are unfit for a modest page, and yet inserts (partially but too largely), in the face of his own declaration.

From Lisbon, the author sailed to Leghorn, and thence visited most of the principal cities of Italy. At Florence the Venus struck him as it does every man of genuine feeling and taste, and he thus very sportively, yet in part beautifully, relates the impression made upon his mind. "The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the inimitable Venus. She has now resumed her old station, after her second visit to Paris; for I am surprised that the French did not argue, that her adventure with the shepherd on Mount Ida was clearly typical of her late trip to their metropolis. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution,—but I doubt whether *Venus* be not a mis-

nomer. Who can recognise in this divine statue, any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, before 'she damned us all,' there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love."

We do not quite agree with this view; but it is spiritedly taken. Mr. M. rates the Apollo far below our estimate of that divinely impressive statue. At Florence, the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte was received, and all the British went into mourning. At that period our author went to an evening party given by the Countess of Albany. "She still maintains the form and ceremony of Queen Dowager, wearing the arms of England on her carriage, and receiving a circle every Saturday evening, with a strictness of etiquette exceeding that of the Grand Duke's Court. She was almost the only person out of mourning. This was, to say the least of it, bad taste. If there is no alliance of blood, there is a pecuniary relationship between her and the English government, from which she receives an annual pension of 1500*l.* that might well have afforded a black gown. It would be difficult to trace in her present appearance, any remains of those charms, that could attract the fiery and fastidious Alfieri."

At Florence, there is a sculptor of the name of Bertolini, who takes excellent likenesses, and is in great request among our countrymen. They not only sit to him in great numbers, but procure casts of celebrated individuals from London, which he copies in marble, and delivers in this metropolis, free of all other charges, and greatly to the injury of our native artists, at the small cost of 22*l.* each. On the passion for their representation in stone, the author observes, "If this fashion hold, it will give posterity some trouble. Family pictures are easily put out of the way; but family statues would be sadly durable lumber,—unless, indeed, they found their way to the lime-kiln."

From Florence we proceed to Rome, passing safely the Ricorsi, a mountain stream, near Sienna, which the guide-book quaintly enough tells the traveller he must cross four times, if he is not drowned in any of the [three first] first three. Mr. M. recommends Vasi as the best book to consult for directing the stranger to the curiosities of Rome; his own experience, however, produces very little information not previously common. His descriptions are, nevertheless, very judicious and clever; it was impossible that they could be new. We select, therefore, only two or three anecdotes.

*[Mr. M. is too good a scholar not to know, what, indeed, every tyro knows, that there were Venuses, with other, and very different attributes, in the ancient Mythology.—E.]

"Plus the Vith's passion for recording his own glory; in the constant inscription, *Munificentid Pii Sesti*, was wittily satirized during a period of scarcity, when the *pagnotta*, or little roll of two *baicocchi*, answering to our penny roll, which never varies in price, however its size may be affected by the price of corn, had shrunk to a most lamentable littleness. One morning, one of these Lilliputian loaves was found in the hands of Pasquin's statue, with an appended scroll in large characters,—*Munificentid Pii Sesti*."

"One day, (says the author,) in my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then, came a troop of figures, dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed;—on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier—dressed in the robes of their orders—and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers, in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier, was not a figure of wax;—but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature;—cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities, who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino, and hood; which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted, with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited, as a spectacle to impatient curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave, the remains of those they loved. But, ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod, as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better; and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body,—deprived of the soul that animated and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit, than the clothes, which it has also left behind.—The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral service is concluded, the corpse is stripped, and consigned to those, who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults, underneath the churches, for the reception of the dead. Those, who can afford it, are put into a wooden shell, before they are cast into one of these Golgothas;—but the great mass are tossed in, without a rag to

cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and, after fifty years, it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places, prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life;—with respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children, till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom, one may attribute the want of strength, and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable."

We may here notice, that Canova is not so great a favourite with Mr. M. as Thorvaldsen. He thinks the former has a reputation beyond his merits, and that, though there is much grace in his works, the effect is too often spoiled by an affected prettiness, or a theatrical display. That there is a final fashionable air about his female figures; and his men all attitudinarians. And that he has studied the ancients, and M. Angelo, too much as an imitator, while the designs of the Danish artist possess freshness and originality, guided by the purest taste.

The following is a characteristic anecdote of Consalvi, the Pope's prime minister, who is designated as "a shrewd, intelligent, and well-looking man. As he passed out of chapel, a well-dressed person in the court-yard threw himself upon his knees before him, and Consalvi, as if he thought the man had some petition to present, advanced towards him; but, when he found that his only object was to kiss his hand, he put him aside; being, as it is said, very impatient of all such public demonstrations of homage."

In the library of the Vatican, it is stated, "you see many curious relics of Roman furniture, with a sample of their household gods, which are the queerest little things in the world; and, if Æneas's, were not on a larger scale, he might have carried away a hundred of them in his pocket." In the Campovaccino the author saw another extraordinary sight. There was a large herd of about a hundred pigs, and he "arrived just as three men were commencing the work of death. They had each a stiletto in their hand, and they dispatched the whole herd in a few minutes. The stab was made near the left leg, and seemed to go directly to the heart, for the animal fell without a groan or struggle. This appears to be a less cruel, and is certainly a more quiet mode, than our own, where the peace of a whole parish is disturbed by the terrible uproar which is occasioned by the murder of a single pig. It is to be hoped that the stiletto may soon be confined to this use."

A propos des boîtes, or rather, according to English version, *talking of swine*, reminds us of an anecdote with which we shall conclude our Roman extracts. The Princess Prossedi is said to be an amiable and interesting woman, the eldest daughter of Lucien Buonaparte by a former wife, and the lady who refused to marry Ferdinand of Spain. This match was proposed to her when on a visit to her uncle the Emperor, and she had the courage to condemn his threats. Being asked if she did not feel afraid of the conse-

quences of irritating so irascible a being, she very nobly replied, "Oh no! we fear very little from those whom we do not esteem.—" ("O que non! on craint peu, celui qu'on n'estime pas.")

From Rome our author went to Naples, where the same pre-occupation of the field by former writers begets the same sterility in his accounts of that city, and all its adjacent marvels. The squalid looks of the inhabitants of the Pontine Marshes, justified the answer given to a traveller, who inquired of a group of these animated spectres, "How do you manage to live here?"—"We die," and so they did in another way at Pompeii, which Mr. M. visited, and tells us, that, among other human remains dug up, "In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the museum; the bones being consigned to their parent clay."

At Naples, we have an odd story of a bishop stealing 20 dollars; but a notice, more agreeable to our objects, is taken, of some admirable statues in the church of S. Severo. These are executed by a Venetian of the name of *Corradini*. "One represents a female, covered with a veil, which is most happily executed in marble, and has all the effect of a transparency. There is another of the same kind, a dead Christ, covered with the same thin gauze veil, which appears as if it were moist with the cold damp of death. There is also a statue of a figure in a net, the celebrated work of *Queirolo*, a Genoese, which is a model of pains and patience. It is cut out of a single block; yet the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue."

The Campo Santo, the great golgotha of Naples, is much more horrible than what we have transcribed respecting the funerals at Rome.

"It is situated on a rising ground behind the town; about a mile and a half from the gate. Within its walls, are 365 caverns; one is open every day for the reception of the dead, the great mass of whom, as soon as the rites of religion have been performed, are brought here for sepulture. There were fifteen cast in, while we were there; men, women, and children,—without a rag to cover them; literally fulfilling the words of Scripture,—"As he came forth out of his mother's womb, naked shall he return, to go as he came!" I looked down into this frightful charnel-house;—it was a shocking sight;—a mass of blood and garbage,—for many of the bodies had been opened at the hospitals. Cock-roaches, and other reptiles, were crawling about in all their glory.—We eat all creatures else to fat us, and we eat ourselves for maggots; that's the end!"

"We made the sexton of this dreary shade, who, by the way, had been employed in this daily work for eleven years, open the stone of the next day's grave, which had been sealed up for a year. The flesh was entire-

ly gone; for, in such a fermenting mass, the work of corruption must go on swimmingly. Quick lime is added to hasten the process, and nothing seemed to remain, but a dry heap of bones and skulls. What must be the feelings of those, who can suffer the remains of a Friend, a Sister, a Mother, or a Wife, to be thus disposed of? Indifferent as I feel to the posthumous fate of my own remains, Heaven grant, that I may at least rest and rot alone; and not be mixed up in so horrible a human hash as this!

"There were some women, saying *Ace Marias*, within the square, for the departed souls of their friends; but, our arrival took them from this pious work, and set them upon some calculations, connected with us, and our carriage, and the number of it; to direct them, in the selection of lucky numbers in the lottery, upon their return to Naples!"

Quitting this city, Mr. M. visited Capua, Velletri, on his way back to Rome, where he witnessed an execution founded on some remarkable circumstances. He says,

"The culprit was a 'Fellow with a horrid face,' who had murdered his father. The murder was detected in a singular manner, affording an extraordinary instance of the sagacity and faithful attachment of the dog to his master. The disappearance of the deceased had given rise to inquiry, and the officers of police went to his cottage, where, on examining his son, they learned that his father had gone out to work as usual, a few days before, and had not been seen since. As the officers were continuing their search in the neighbourhood, their attention was excited by observing a dog, lying in a lone place; who seemed to endeavour to attract their notice, by scratching on some newly turned earth. Their curiosity was excited by something peculiar in his action and manner, to examine the spot;—where they found the body. It would seem that the dog must have been an unobserved witness of his master's murder, and had not forsaken his grave. On returning to the cottage with the body, the son was so struck with the discovery made by the officers by means which he could not divine, that, concluding it must have been by supernatural intimation, he made a full confession of his guilt;—that he had beaten out his father's brains with a mallet, at the instigation of his mother, that he had dragged him to this by-place, and there buried him. The mother was condemned to imprisonment for life;—the son to the guillotine. He kept us waiting from ten o'clock till almost three; for the execution is delayed till the culprit is brought to a due state of penitence.

"At last the bell rung, the Host was brought from a neighbouring church, that he might receive the last sacrament; and soon afterwards, the criminal was led out. *Inglese* was a passport on this as on other occasions. The guards that formed in a square round the guillotine, made way for me to pass; and I was introduced, almost against my will, close to the scaffold.

"A crucifix, and a black banner, with

death's heads upon it, were borne before the culprit, who advanced between two priests. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and did not once flinch till he stooped to put his head into the groove prepared to receive it.

"This is the trying minute, the rest is the affair of the tenth part of an instant. It appears to be the best of all modes of inflicting the punishment of death; combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim.

"It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there were any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance, when the executioner held up the head, I am inclined to believe, that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds, after the head is off. The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation. And indeed there is nothing improbable in this supposition, for in all injuries of the spine, whereby a communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so, in the case of decapitation, the muscles and nerves of the face and eyes, may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk."

The remainder of the volume is much more dry than that portion whence we have compounded our review. Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Milan, the Simplon, rambles about Switzerland, Lyons, Langue-doc, Toulouse, Bourdeaux, and Paris, appear too much in the uninteresting shape of an itinerary, with politics and criticisms swelling out the table of contents, to afford entire content on the desk in the study. We shall not follow this course, but, in conclusion, pick out the plumbs for our readers, and leave the rest of the pudding, as Mr. M. would say, to be digested by more voracious appetites.

Venice is at present remarkable for containing eight horses; the four of St. Mark, and four kept by Lord Byron, who astonishes the natives by riding them on an island—choosing to be different from those about him: thus a swan among eagles or owls, as a British Senator, he must be a fowl of another feather among the swans, ducks, or geese of the Venetian canals. Venice is also reported as famous for the manufacture of very small gold trinkets. The author bought a gold chain for 20 francs, an inch and a half long, and worked with the aid of microscopic glasses: surely these are not the links which restrain the noble bard from his country.

In the lucubrations on France, we are informed, among other inhuman horrors of the revolution, that—

"Near Montelinar was the *Chateau de Grignan*, where Madame de Sérigné fell a victim to maternal anxiety, and was buried in the family vault. The Chateau was destroyed during the fury of the Revolution."

and the leaden coffin in the vaults, presented too valuable a booty to be spared, by the brutal ruffians of those days. The body of Madame de Sévigné had been embalmed, and was found in a state of perfect preservation, richly dressed;—but no respect was paid to virtue even in the grave; every thing, even to the dress she wore, was pillaged and taken away; and the naked corpse left to mingle, as it might, with its native dust.

“This unnatural war with the dead is one of the most revolting features of the French revolution. No respect was paid to rank, or sex, or virtue; and this was not a solitary outrage, committed at a single place, but the general practice throughout France.—A fellow passenger tells me that he saw the body of Laura, the mistress of Petrarch, exposed to the most brutal indignities, in the streets of Avignon. It had been embalmed, and was found in a mummy state, of a dark brown colour. It was the same every where; and the best, and the worst, of the Bourbons, Henry IV., and Louis XI., were exposed to equal indignities, nor could the deeds of Turanne himself protect his corpse from the profanation of these ferocious violators.—All the cruelties committed upon the living, during the reign of blood and terror, will not stamp the French name with so indelible a stain, as these unmanly outrages upon the dead.”

A very curious inquiry into the subject of the famous Iron Mask, leads the author to infer that *Rouquet* might be the sufferer; but we have no room to enumerate the coincidences on which this hypothesis is supported; and must conclude, which we shall, with the mention of a man whom the author encountered at Toulouse, and who is so much admired by all, that we are sure it will gratify our readers to hear a report of his being about to return to England, and undertake the management of Covent Garden Theatre.* Mr. M. pays a farewell visit to “Mr. Kemble, to whom I have been indebted, for many pleasant evenings of social intercourse. It is delightful to see the father of the English stage, enjoying the evening of life, in the tranquillity of literary leisure;—a man to whose public exertions, we have all been indebted for the highest intellectual gratification; who, by the charm of his art, has become so identified in our imagination with the ideal characters of Shakspeare, that those who have seen him can scarcely think of Macbeth,—King John,—Wolsey,—Hotspur,—Brutus,—or Coriolanus, without embodying them in the form and features of—John Philip Kemble.”

Smeaton's Historical and Biographical Tracts.

No. 13. *A choice Narrative of Count Gondamor's Transactions during his Embassy in England.* By Sir Robert Cotton. 1639.

No. 14. *The Life and Death of Henrietta Maria de Bourbon, Queen to that blessed King and Martyr, Charles I.* 8c. 1685.

* We state this as a rumour that has reached us; not as appearing in the Diary.

At pages 597, 611, and 714, of our last year's volume, we noticed, as they issued from the press, the earlier specimens of these republished tracts, which are cheap, curious, and neatly got up. The two numbers at the head of this article, together with seven of a historical nature previously printed, make a very entertaining little 4to, belonging to the period of the Stuarts, and enabling us to read scarce works without the cost of bibliomania, the whole nine amounting in price to no more than 46s.

Gondamor's account of the transactions in England, is a political pamphlet fictitiously put into the mouth of that celebrated person, whose dexterity as an ambassador was not relished by a large party in this country*. The wri-

* Spanish ambassadors have frequently cut a conspicuous figure at our court: for example, take the following anecdote from a work entitled ‘*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose.*’ When the attempt upon the King was made by Margaret Nicholson; as his majesty was going to St. James's to hold a levee, in consequence of that event a council was ordered to be held as soon as the levee was over. The Marquis del Campo, being apprised of that circumstance, and knowing that the council would detain the King in town two or three hours beyond his usual time, took post horses and set off for Windsor the moment the levee was over, alighted at the palace, and called upon a lady there with whom he was acquainted. The Queen finding that the King did not return at the usual time, and understanding that the Marquis was in the palace, sent to ask him if he had been at the levee. He replied that he had, and that he had left his majesty in perfect health, going to council. When the King arrived he of course told her majesty the extraordinary occurrences of the morning. The Queen expressed great surprise that the Marquis del Campo, who had been near three hours in the palace, had not mentioned the subject to her: he was sent for, and he then told their majesties, that finding upon his arrival at the palace no rumour of the attempt upon the King had reached the Queen, he did not think it expedient to apprise her of it, till his majesty's arrival gave full assurance of his safety; but at the same time, as some incorrect and alarming reports might be brought down, he thought it right to remain in the palace, in order in that case to be able to remove all apprehensions from her majesty's mind, by acquainting her with the real facts.

This fine compliment was paralleled in a different way by another ambassador from Spain, who, when the Sardinian ambassador called all the foreign ministers resident in London together, and urged a complaint of their privileges being violated by the seizure of some smuggled articles in his residence, and it appeared that he had really lent his protection to cover the nefarious traffic, observed, that it was true the privileges of ambassadors ought to be held sacred, but if the King of Sardinia could not afford to send a gentleman, he ought not to keep a minister at the English or any court. This remark, we need hardly add, settled the business of the meeting. *Ed.*

ter makes him relate to the Duke of Lerma, and a council of Spanish ministers, how he had employed himself, and what he had achieved by his intrigues; and some of his statements are remarkable even to the present day. Among other things, he says,

All their voyages to the East Indies, I permit rather with a colourable resistance than a serious, because I see them not helpful but hurtful to the state in general, carrying out gold and treasure, bringing home spice, silks, feathers, and the like toys, and insensibly wasting the common stock of coin and bullion, while it fills the custom-house, and some private purses, who thereby enabled to keep this discommodity on foot by bribes, especially so many great persons (even statesmen) being adventurers and sharers in the gain; besides this, wasteth their mariners, not one of ten returning, which I am glad to hear, for they are the men we stand in fear of.

Their West Indian voyages I withstand them in earnest, because they begin to inhabit there, and fortify themselves, and may in time perhaps raise another England, to withstand our new Spain in America; as this old England opposeth our present state, and clouds the glorious extents thereof of Europe; besides, there they trade for commodities without waste of their treasure, and often return gold for knives, glasses, and the like trifles, and that without such loss of their mariners, as in other places; therefore I crossed whatsoever intendments were projected for Virginia, or the Bermudoes, because I see they may be hereafter really helpful to them, as now they serve for drains to unload their populous state, which else would overflow its own banks, by continuance of peace, and turn head upon itself, or make a body fit for any rebellion.

This is a singular view of our East and West India trade and colonies nearly two centuries ago. The ambassador continues.

But the last service I did for the state was not the least, when I underwrought that admirable engine, *Raeleigh*, and so was the cause his voyage threatening much danger and damage to us was overthrown, and himself returning in disgrace, I pursued almost to death; neither but (I hope) need I say almost, if all things hit right, and all strings hold; the determination of my commission would not permit me longer to stay to follow him to execution, which I desired the rather, that by concession I might have wrung from the inconsiderate English, an acknowledgement of my masters right in those places, punishing him for attempting there, though they might prescribe for the first foot; and this I did to stop their mouths hereafter, and because I would quench the heat and valour of that nation, that none should dare hereafter to undertake the like, or be so hardy as to look out at sea, or breath upon our coasts; and lastly, because I would bring to an ignominious death, that old pirate, who is one of the last now living,

bred under that deceased English Virago, and by her flesh in our blood and ruin : to do this I had many agents, first, divers couriers who were hungry and gaped wide for Spanish gold, secondly, some that bare him at the heart for inveterate quarrels; thirdly, some foreigners, who have in vain sought the elixir hitherto, hope to find it in his head; fourthly, all men of the Romish faith, who are of the Spanish faction, and would have been my blood-hounds to hunt him or any such to death willingly, as persons hating the prosperity of their country, and the valour, worth, and wit of their own nation; in respect of us and our catholic cause; lastly, I left behind me such an instrument composed artificially, of a secular understanding, and a religious profession, as he is every way adopted to serve himself into the closet of the heart, and to work upon feminine levity, who in that country have masculine spirits, to command and pursue their plots unto death. This therefore I account as done, and rejoice in it, knowing it will be very profitable to us, grateful to our faction there, and what though it be cross to the people, or the clergy, we that only negotiate for our gain, and treat about this marriage for their own ends, can conclude or break off when we see our time, without respect of such, as can neither profit us, nor hurt us; for I have certain knowledge, that the commons generally are so effeminate and cowardly, that they at their musters, which are seldom and slight, only for the benefit of their master masters of a 1000 souldiers, scarce a hundred dares discharge a musket, and of that hundred, scarce one can use it like a souldier; and for their arms they are so ill provided, that one corslet serveth many men, when such as shew their armour one day in one place, lend them to their friends in other places to shew, when they have use; and this if it be spied, is only punished by a mulet in the purse, which is the officers aim, who for his advantage, winks at the rest, and is glad to find and cherish by connivance profitable faults, that increase his revenues; thus stands the state of that poor miserable country, and which had never more people and fewer men; so that if my master should resolve upon an invasion, the time never fits as at this present, security of this marriage, and the disuse of arms having cast them into a dead sleep, a strong and waking faction being ever amongst them ready to assist us, and they being unprovided of ships, or arms, or hearts to fight, an universal discontentment following all men: this I have from their master masters, and captains, who are many of them of our religion, or of none, and so ours ready to be bought and sold, and desirous to be my masters servants in fee.

Thus we see, that to draw the picture of England as a ruined country, is not a modern invention: we leave it to the reformers of 1820 to compare the two eras.

From the "Life and Death of Queen Henrietta," we select a few pas-

sages which seem most likely to pass muster for novelty. Her Majesty's landing, 22d February, 1642, from the continent, with troops to aid her royal spouse against the parliamentary forces, is thus painted in her own words:

The next night after we came to Burlington, four of the parliaments ships arrived, without being perceived by us, and about five of the clock in the morning, began to ply us so fast with their ordnance, that they made us all rise out of our beds, and leave the village; one of the ships did me the favour to flank upon the house where I lay, and before I was out of my bed, the cannon-bullets whistled so loud about me, that all the company pressed me earnestly to go out of the house, their cannon having totally beaten down all the neighbour houses, and two cannon-bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was; so that (cloathed as well as in last I could be) I went on foot some little distance out of the town, (under the shelter of a ditch, like that of Newmarket) whither before I could get, the cannon bullets fell thick about us, and a serpent was killed within seventy paces of me, we in the end gained the ditch, and stayed there two hours, whilst their cannon play'd all the while upon us; the bullets flew for the most part over our heads, some few only grazing on the ditch, covered us with earth, &c. till the ebbing of the tide, and the threats of the Holland Admiral put an end to that danger.

The coronation of her son, Charles II. is very concisely and peculiarly described.

Now come we to his Majesties coronation, where we may see those regal ornaments that for several years had lain obscure: This, was the crown profained by the lewd hands of those prostitute members at Westminster, when they seized on the Regalia, which by H. Martin, his advice was thought fit to be shared amongst the usurpers; this was the crown, afterwards violated, deprived and widowed of that sacred and royal head of King Charles the martyr: this was the crown that alone of all the insignia of majesty abhorred the idolatry of Cromwells usurpation, and escaped the ravishing and polluted hands of that tyrant; this was that crown which the malignity of a dire pestilence had envied the sight and blessing thereof to the city of London, his majesties imperial chamber, at his royal father's inauguration; and this was that crown, under whose just and antient descent, we have flourished ever since we were a nation, till our late anarchy.

His Majesty on the 22d of April, early in the morning, passed from Whitehall to the Tower by water; from thence to go through the city to Westminster Abby, there to be crowned.

Two days were allotted to the consummation of this great and most celebrated action, the wonder and delight of all persons, both foreign and domestick, and pity it was that the solid and lasting happi-

ness it portended should not have taken up a month, and given it the name *Coronadis*. I should give a relation of the magnificent ceremonies performed therein, but it being too large for an intended small tract, I choose rather to refer the reader to what on that subject hath already been made publick.

Infinite and innumerable were the acclamations and shouts from all the parts, as his Majesty passed along, to the no less joy than amazement of the spectators, who beheld those glorious personages that rid before and behind his majesty. Indeed it were in vain to attempt to express this solemnity, it was so far from being unutterable, that it is almost unconceivable, and much wonder it caused in outlandish persons, who were acquainted with our late troubles and confusions, which way it was possible for the English to appear in so rich and stately a manner.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate our subject; and we have only to add, that this author asserts that the Queen married the Earl of St. Albans, after the execution of the Martyr King.

ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

(Extracted from Scoresby's valuable publication.)

Captain S. thinks the whale reaches the magnitude called *size*, that is, with a six feet length of whalebone, in twelve years; and attains its full growth at the age of twenty or twenty-five. Whales, doubtless, live to a great age. The marks of age are an increase in the quantity of grey colour in the skin, and a change to a yellowish tinge of the white parts about the head; a decrease in the quantity of oil yielded by a certain weight of blubber; an increase of hardness in the blubber, and in the thickness and strength of the ligamentous fibres of which it is partly composed.

The maternal affection of the whale, which, in other respects, is apparently a stupid animal, is striking and interesting. The cub, being insensible to danger, is easily harpooned; when the tender attachment of the mother is so manifested as not unfrequently to bring it within the reach of the whalers. Hence, though a cub is of little value, seldom producing above a ton of oil, and often less, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its mother. In this case, she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration; encourages it to swim off; assists its flight, by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach; but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety, in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her; and even voluntarily remains with her offspring, after various attacks on herself from the harpoons of the fishers. In June 1811, one of my harpooners struck a sucker, with the hope of its leading to the capture of the mother. Presently she arose close by the "fast-boat;" and seizing the young one, dragged

about a hundred fathoms of line out of the boat with remarkable force and velocity. Again she arose to the surface; darted furiously to and fro; frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, and gave every possible intimation of extreme agony. For a length of time, she continued thus to act, though closely pursued by the boats; and, inspired with courage and resolution by her concern for her offspring, seemed regardless of the danger which surrounded her. At length, one of the boats approached so near, that a harpoon was hove at her. It hit, but did not attach itself. A second harpoon was struck; this also failed to penetrate; but a third was more effectual, and held. Still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed other boats to approach; so that, in a few minutes, three more harpoons were fastened; and, in the course of an hour afterwards, she was killed.

There is something extremely painful in the destruction of a whale, when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring, that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human beings; yet the object of the adventure, the value of the prize, the joy of the capture, cannot be sacrificed to feelings of compassion.

Whales, though often found in great numbers together, can scarcely be said to be gregarious; for they are found most generally solitary, or in pairs, excepting when drawn to the same spot, by the attraction of an abundance of palatable food, or of a choice situation of the ice.

The superiority of the sexes, in point of numbers, seems to be in favour of the male. Of 124 whales which have been taken near Spitzbergen in eight years, in ships commanded by myself, 70 were males, and 54 were females, being in the proportion of five to four nearly.

The mysticetus occurs more abundantly in the frozen seas of Greenland and Davis' Strait,—in the bays of Baffin and Hudson,—in the sea to the northward of Behring's Strait, and along some parts of the northern shores of Asia, and probably America.

The Esquimaux eat the flesh and fat of the whale, and drink the oil with greediness. Indeed, some tribes who are not familiarised with spirituous liquors, carry along with them in their canoes, in their fishing excursions, bladders filled with oil, which they use in the same way, and with a similar result, that a British sailor does a drum. They also eat the skin of the whale raw, both adults and children; for it is not uncommon, when the females visit the whale ships, for them to help themselves to pieces of skin, preferring those with which a little blubber is connected, and so give it as food to their infants suspended on their backs, who suck it with apparent delight. Blubber, when pickled and boiled, is said to be very palatable; the tail, when par-boiled and then fried, is said to be not unsavoury, but even agreeable eating; and the flesh of young whales, I know from experiment, is by no means indifferent food.

I shall conclude this account of the mysticetus, with a sketch of some of the charac-

ters which belong generally to cetaceous animals.

Whales are viviparous; they have but one young at a time, and suckle it with teats. They are furnished with lungs, and are under the necessity of approaching the surface of the water at intervals to respire in the air. The heart has two ventricles and two auricles. The blood is warmer than in the human species; in a narwal that had been an hour and a half dead, the temperature of the blood was 97°; and in a mysticetus recently killed, 102°. All of them inhabit the sea. Some of them procure their food by means of a kind of sieve, composed of two fringes of whalebone; these have no teeth. Others have no whalebone, but are furnished with teeth. They all have two lateral or pectoral fins, with concealed bones like those of a hand; and a large flexible horizontal tail, which is the principal member of motion. Some have a kind of dorsal fin, which is an adipose, or cartilaginous substance, without motion. This fin, varying in form, size and position, in different species, and being in a conspicuous situation, is well adapted for a specific distinction. The appearance and dimension of the whalebone and teeth, especially the former, are other specific characteristics. All whales have spiracles or blow holes, some with one, others with two openings, through which they breathe; some have a smooth skin all over the body; others have rugae or sulci about the region of the thorax and on the lower jaw. And all afford, beneath the integuments, a quantity of fat or blubber, from whence a useful and valuable oil, the train-oil of commerce, is extracted.

The *B. Physalis* is the longest of the whale tribe; and, probably, the most powerful and hulky of created beings.

It differs from the mysticetus in its form being less cylindrical, and its body being longer and more slender; in its whalebone being shorter; in its produce in blubber and oil being less; in its colour being of a bluer tinge; in its fins being more in number; in its breathing or blowing being more violent; in its speed being greater; in its actions being quicker and more restless, and in its conduct being bolder.

The length of the physalis is about 100 feet; its greatest circumference 30 or 35.

One was found dead in Davis' Straits 105 feet long, and 38 feet in circumference. The *B. Musculus*, or broad nosed whale, is not unlike the preceding, and frequents the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, Norway, &c. This is the creature usually killed on our shores. The other varieties are the *B. Boops*, or Finer, and the *B. Rosstrata*, or Beaked Whale, which grows to the length of from 20 to 30 feet. The Narwal, or unicorn, is another of the inhabitants of the northern seas. The tusk is confined to the males, and generally from 3 to 6 feet in length: it projects from the left side of the head, that on the right side, (about 9 inches long,) remaining embedded in the skull. The Narwal is gregarious.

The *Dolphinus Deductor*, called also the Caving, or Lending Whale, grows to the

length of 24 feet, and its herds are very numerous. This dolphin resembles the grampus, and it is often stranded. Hundreds have been destroyed at a time through accidents of this kind. The Beluga, or White Whale, is met with in families of from 5 to 10 together.

Of the quadrupeds inhabiting Spitzbergen and the icy seas adjacent, Capt. S. gives an interesting history; but we must abridge his observations without mercy. The Walrus, Morse, or Sea-horse, is a singular animal, and forms the connecting link between the mammalia of the land and the water, corresponding, in several of its characters, both with the bullock and the whale. It grows to the bulk of an ox. Its canine teeth, two in number, are of the length, externally, of 10 to 20 inches, (some naturalists say 3 feet,) and extend downward from the upper jaw, and include the point of the lower jaw between them. They are incurved inward. Their full length, when cut out of the skull, is commonly 15 to 20 inches, sometimes almost 30; and their weight 5 to 10 pounds each, or upward. The walrus, being a slow, clumsy animal on land, its tusks seem necessary for its defence against the bear, and also for enabling it to raise its unwieldy body upon the ice, when its access to the shore is prevented.

The walrus is found on the shores of Spitzbergen, 12 to 15 feet in length, and 8 to 10 feet in circumference.

When seen at a distance, the front part of the head of the young walrus, without tusks, is not unlike the human face. As this animal is in the habit of rearing its head above water, to look at ships, and other passing objects, it is not at all improbable but that it may have afforded foundation for some of the stories of mermaids. I have myself seen a sea-horse in such a position, and under such circumstances, that it required little stretch of imagination to mistake it for a human being; so like indeed was it, that the surgeon of the ship actually reported to me his having seen a man with his head just appearing above the surface of the water. Seals exhibit themselves in a similar way; the heads of some, at a distance, are not unlike the human head; the resemblance, however, is not so striking as that presented by the walrus.

The walrus is a fearless animal. It pays no regard to a boat, excepting as an object of curiosity. It is sometimes taken by a harpoon when in the water. If one attack fails, it often affords an opportunity for repeating it. The capture of a walrus in the water, cannot always be accomplished without danger; for, as they go in herds, an attack made upon one individual, draws all its companions to its defence. In such cases, they frequently rally round the boat from whence the blow was struck; pierce its planks with their tusks; and, though resisted in the most determined manner, sometimes raise themselves upon the gunwale, and threaten to overset it. The best defence against these enraged animals, is, in this crisis, sea sand; which, being thrown into their eyes, occasions a partial blindness, and

obliges them to disperse. When on shore, they are best killed with long sharp pointed knives.

The tusks of the walrus, which are hard, white, and compact ivory, are employed by dentists in the fabrication of false teeth.

Seals (*Phocæ*) are too well known to need much observation. The voice of the young seal, when in pain or distress, is a whining cry, resembling that of a child. Seals appear to hear well when under water; music, or particularly a person whistling, draws them to the surface, and induces them to stretch their necks to the utmost extent, so as to prove a snare, by bringing them within reach of the shooter. The most effectual way of shooting them is by the use of small shot fired into their eyes; when killed with a bullet, they generally sink and are lost. Seals are often seen on their passage from one situation to another, in very large shoals. In such cases, for the sake of respiration, they all appear every now and then at the surface together, springing up so as to raise their heads and necks, and often their whole bodies out of the water. Their progress is pretty rapid; their actions appear frisky; and their general conduct is productive of amusement to the spectator. The sailors, when they observe such a shoal, call it a 'seal's wedding.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

(From the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.)

LIZARS' ENGRAVINGS.—In the operation of engraving, the desired effect is produced by making incisions upon the copper-plate with a steel instrument of an angular shape, which incisions are filled with printing-ink, and transferred to the paper by the pressure of a roller, which is passed over its surface. There is another mode of producing these lines or incisions by means of diluted nitrous acid, which is well known, and in which the impression is taken in the same way. The new mode of engraving is done upon a principle exactly the reverse, for instead of the subject being cut into the copper, it is the interstice between these lines which is removed by diluted acid, (commonly called *Aquaforis*) and the lines are left as the surface: from which the impression is taken, by means of a common type printing-press, instead of a copper-plate press.

This is effected by drawing with turpentine varnish, coloured with lamp black, whatever is required upon the plate, and when the varnish is thoroughly dry, the acid is poured upon it, and the interstice of course removed by its action upon the uncovered part of the copper. If the subject is very full of dark shading, this operation will be performed with little risk of accident, and with the removal of very little of the interstice between the lines; but if the distance between the lines is great, the risk and difficulty is very much increased, and it will be requisite to cut away the parts which surround the lines with a graver, in order to prevent the dabber with the printing ink from

reaching the bottom, and thus producing a blurred impression. It is obvious, therefore, that the more the plate is covered with work, the less risk will there be in the preparation of it with the acid, after the subject is drawn; and the less trouble will there be in removing the interstice (if any) from those places where there is little shading.

A great degree of facility will be obtained by etching out the first line with the common etching-needle, and afterwards putting on the cross line with the varnish; and by this means there will be much more variety, regularity, and beauty in the effect, than if the whole had been done with the varnish.

I have found from experience, that the best mode of proceeding is to lay an etching ground upon the copper, as in the ordinary operation of etching; to remove the first lines, or rather *interstices*, with the needle, and then to put on the cross-lines with the varnish. Should this cramp the freedom of the artist in some parts, he can easily scrape off the etching ground, and draw those with the varnish.

Although this discovery must still be considered in its infancy, and very incomplete, yet it is probable that much may be done with it, if proper materials can be found out to work with. It possesses every advantage which common engraving does, and at the same time all the advantages of engraving on wood; and, above all, it enables us to procure as many impressions as can be taken from types. The greatest difficulty to be surmounted, is to obtain a substitute for the varnish, which will flow from a pen or pencil like Indian ink; for as the varnish has a tendency to dry, and get tough in the pencil, the operation is by this circumstance very considerably impeded. Other substances than copper may be used; and experience may prove them to be better adapted to the purpose. I, says Mr. L. the inventor have tried wood covered with white lead and strong glue, with considerable success, but not with so much as copper; and it may be as well, for the sake of those who may think it worth their while to make other trials, to mention, that I have used lead, pewter, type-metal, zinc, and brass, all with various success, but have still found copper superior to them all. Mr. Stryght of Meggetland, a gentleman well known in this city for his scientific acquirements, and to whom, during these experiments, I was much indebted, used with very great success the same kind of limestone which is employed in lithography.

I have also tried various kinds of varnishes, viz. mastic varnish, japan, liquid etching-ground, copal varnish, and spirit varnish, but have found the best to be common turpentine varnish, or resin dissolved in turpentine.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Mr. Campbell, on Wednesday, gave his second Lecture upon Poetry. He began with adverting to the most ancient poetry with which we are acquainted, viz. that of the Old Testament; and pointed out some passages of great beauty and sublimity. He said that the Hebrews did not cultivate poetry, and observed, that

whatever advantages they possessed over the Gentiles in the purity of religious worship, they certainly were behind them in literature and the elegant arts.

Mr. Campbell then turned to the poets of Greece, and began of course with Homer. It would be doing great injustice to Mr. C. and no credit to ourselves, if we were to attempt to give to our readers, from memory, even a sketch of this part of the lecture. His observations upon the great Grecian bard were so interwoven, and arose so naturally out of each other, his illustrations were so happy, and conveyed in language so correct and so brilliant, that we feel ourselves unequal to the task of even general description. Mr. C. differed entirely from Mr. Bryant and Professor Wolf; the former of whom disbelieved the existence of Troy, and of the war which forms the subject of the *Iliad*; and the latter of whom doubted the identity of Homer himself, for he considered him only as one of many rhapsodists who sang the war of Troy, although the whole poem has reached us under his name. Upon the first point he said, that although Homer had enriched his story with all the ornaments of poetry, yet, as to the main fact of the confederation of the states of Greece against Troy, he saw no rational ground for scepticism. It never was doubted by the Greeks themselves, who certainly had better means of forming a judgment upon the subject than any modern critic, however learned. With regard to the other point, viz. whether Homer was really the author of the whole poem, he considered the authority of the Greeks, again, as decisive, and they had never raised a question upon the subject. Besides, the *Iliad* itself contained intrinsic evidence that it was the production of one mind:—the unity of the plan—the consistency of all its parts, and of the characters, shewed that it could not have been composed by a number of unconnected individuals, and collected in after ages into one poem.

We shall only add, that Mr. C. seemed to think that Homer was fully deserving of the exalted station in which he has been placed by the common consent of mankind.

Heidelberg, March 28.

An inhabitant of this place, of the name of Wilgen, has found upon his land, which has been inundated to a great depth, a very large mass of solid clay, which is supposed to have been washed up from the depth of 63 feet below a bed of soft earth. Perceiving some bones project from it, he carefully took away the earth, and found the whole upper part of the head of an animal of immense size, 46 inches long, 30 broad, and weighing above 200 lbs.

A voyage of discovery is to be undertaken next summer, from the mouth of the Lena into the Frozen Ocean, to examine the north coast of Siberia, and the islands to the north of that country which were discovered several years ago. As the islands in question (which for any thing we know may form a considerable continent), have only been visited in winter, it will no doubt be very interesting

to examine whether the ice will allow ships to approach them in summer, and to ascertain their extent.

FINE ARTS.

SPRING GARDEN EXHIBITION.

The Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, opened their sixteenth exhibition on Monday. It is not so fine as some which have preceded it, but contains, notwithstanding, some very capital specimens of British Art. Among these, on a cursory glance, we noticed a highly finished picture, No. 17, "The Tight Shoe," in Richter's best manner, the story humorously told, and the painting superb; some exquisite drawings by G. F. Robson; a grand poetical composition of Jupiter nursed by the Nymphs in Crete, J. Cristall, the grouping and general character belonging to the foremost class of design; Eron and Windsor, two sweet little pieces by J. Varley; a clever landscape or two by J. Wilson; several glowing copies of nature by C. Fielding; the trial of Algernon Sydney by Stephanoff; the Veteran: a curiously painted subject, by W. H. Watts; Una in the forest by W. Bewick; uncommonly well executed views of French Towns, by Prout; admirable pictures of dogs, by E. Landseer, and something of the same kind by J. Christmas; together with other pleasing contributions by Barrett, A. Robertson, Linton, Lewis, Miss Gouldsmith, J. Graham, Boaden, Linnell, Nash, Vincent, Barker, Hayter, &c. &c. forming altogether a delightful lounge, and eminently deserving the countenance of the British Public.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

A private view of the rooms yesterday, enables us to speak but shortly of the ensuing exhibition: the form of our publication, and the number printed, rendering it impossible to afford much space to any subject so late in the week. The collection is upon the whole, showy and attractive; and there are a few admirable pictures. Portraits, as usual, predominate, and we observe little difference in the styles of the best known artists. Sir T. Lawrence has some fine works in this class, the chief of which is the late Sir William Grant. Phillips has also some excellent heads, one or two of them of public men, who would be very glad to be either so young or handsome as the painter has made them. Beechey, Shee, Raeburn, Howard, Jackson, Owen, Stewardson, Joseph, Geddes, Masquerier, Lane, E. Hastings, and one or two others, appeared to us most prominent and numerous in similar productions. In the higher branches of art, we were struck with some exquisite pieces from the Decameron, and Gil Blas, by Stothard; the Opening of the Will, from Waverley, perhaps Wilkie's chef-d'œuvre; a Dead Calm, by Calcott, of infinite beauty; the Wolf and the Lamb, by Mulready, a most amusing and characteristic scene; the Widow of Siegfried the Swift, a large picture by Fuzeli, in a high tone of imagination; Lear, well treated by

Howard; Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus, Thomson; Venus intruding on the bath of Diana, Hilton, admirably painted; Rome, from the Vatican, an extraordinary performance, by Turner; an arch Cupid, by Owen; a charming Londoner's Gypsying, by Leslie; the Storm Retiring, a sea view, by Phillips; Venus showing her wound to Mars, a good subject, and very clever in expression, by Hayter; the last scene of Sir Giles Overreach, with good portraits of Drury-Lane performers, by Clint—one of the best dramatic things we have ever seen; a Market, full of incident, by Rolinda Sharples; Melenger and Atalanta, a classical composition, by R. T. Bone; and smaller, but in various ways highly meritorious works, by J. Gandy, Etty, A. E. Chalon, Jones, Stephanoff, Cooper, Ingalt, Briggs, &c. &c. In the landscape department, we noticed interesting productions by Collins, Nasmyth, W. Wilson, J. Wilson, Samuel, Powell, and many others. Animals, by Ward, and young Landseer, deserves to be particularized. In the Architecture, Mr. Soane has a splendid picture. In Sculpture, an Eve, by Bailly, is one of the finest specimens of modern art; a Sleeping Child, with an exquisite head, by Chantrey; a Sketch, by I. Gott; an alto relievo, by Westmacott; a basso relievo, by Flaxman; busts, by Chantrey, Turnerelli, S. Joseph, Milligan, caught our attention. We of course had only a rapid glance, and have probably omitted many works which merited positive distinction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

CONSUMPTION.
A FRAGMENT.

It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be. The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I had time for that:—the rest is worse to beholders than to me. I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said.—Clarissa Harlowe.

The cheek where health so lately shed
Its constant bloom of softest red,
Soon like her polish'd open brow,
Was tintless as the purest snow;
Save when delight or fever threw
A fleeting blush of crimson hue
O'er its pale surface, her dark eye
Sparkled with clearer brilliancy.
Her wasted snowy arm no more
Its former rounded beauty wore,
But every azure vein within
Shone thro' the soft transparent skin;
The touching charm, the pensive grace,
Diffused around her form and face,
Her pure decaying loveliness,
Might well some virgin saint express,
Exchanging for the light of heaven
The transient joys this earth had given.

She rose, and from her temples flung
The rich dark curls which o'er her head hung;
Half fainting then she forward leant,
With drooping head, and figure bent.
Her pale lips quiver'd; from her eye
Large scalding tears fell heavily;
While her small trembling hand in vain
(Striving to dull their throbbing pain)
Her fever'd temples press'd: there came
A shivering o'er her feeble frame.—

Recovering slowly, by degrees
She rais'd her head to catch the breeze
Which freshly thro' the casement blew:
Gasping, with lips apart, she drew
The cool reviving air, again
Her looks, her form, composure gain—
In tones, so weak they well betray'd
Each vital source of strength decay'd,
She spoke of the delights which gave
A cheering aspect to the grave;
While with increasing eloquence
She seem'd around her to dispense
The comfort she had fain supplied—
But

ARTHUR STANLEY.

SONG.

Stranger, rest and sleep securely,
Let no doubt thy breast annoy;
Who sleeps here, believe, shall surely
Wake to life, to hope, and joy.

Soft music on the air is floating;
All fragrant breathes the dew fraught-gale;
The bird's last hymn thou hear'st unnoting—
Unmarked the balmy air inhale.

Unconscious bliss art thou receiving,
For thy rapt soul is borne away:
Fancy, thy mental sight deceiving,
Gives to thy view joy's future day.

In music o'er the senses stealing,
In perfumed dews at evening's close,
Visions of future bliss revealing,
Comes the Genius of repose.

All inert, in slumber lying,
Perception shall thy senses keep;
Its consciousness alone denying,
Gives thee all the bliss of sleep.

Glasnevin, Mar. 16, 1820.

TOLKAN.

Mr. BREAKWINDOW, flattered by the kind attention paid to him by the Editor of the Literary Gazette, by the speedy insertion of all his fragments, has been induced to parody a few popular airs, which he hopes will meet with his approbation, and that of a generous public, and "all that sort of thing," as his friend Mr. Randall says.

AIR.—The Legacy.

When in jail I shall calm recline,
Bear my best coat to some pawnbroker near,
Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
And ask him a price that is not too dear;
Bid him not search for bank notes in the pocket,
For they were *lugg'd out* to discharge a bad
deb't;
And all that he'll find will be an old locket
Of *Sal's*, which she gave me the last time we
met.

When the use of each *gin can* is o'er,
Sack them, and take them over the way;
For I know the *coe*, and he'll lend you more
Than any *flat* can afford to pay.
Bid him not turn 'em up for the rining,
That oftentimes lies at the bottom so dim;
But tell him, my *old one*, without any mincing,
You *mopp'd* them out * ere you brought them to
him.

Take then this glass, which the *jail-bird* is twin-
ing
With bright *flusky* flowers which spring for him
yet,
And think how oft in it we've seen the *gin* shin-
ing,
And bath'd our ripe lips in the *Dandy's light wet*.

* Drink up the remainder.

And wonder not if in some inspired minute,
As intently you gaze on this cup o'er and o'er,
A go of blue ruin should start up within it,
The inside of your white neck to wet once more.

R. BREAKWINDOW.

BIOGRAPHY.

At Sylhet, July 14, died Mr. R. Smith, aged nearly 80, and for the last ten years, assistant to the superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta. His contributions to this establishment endeared him to the lovers of Indian Botany; and his loss is regretted by the public, not merely on account of the ardour and skill with which he cultivated the pleasing pursuit in which he was engaged; but of his liberality in communicating rare and beautiful specimens to others who were fond of his favourite science.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE: KING LEAR.—On Monday this play was produced, with Kean in the principal character. Somehow or other, by having got the question, whether he would perform it ill or well into pretty general discussion, by the puff preliminary, collateral, and direct, by strange advertisements, and by various means, more readily felt even in this great metropolis than described, and, perhaps, above all, by a prevailing sense of the difficulty of the enterprise, and of the rare talents of the actor—a very high degree of public curiosity was excited. The periodical press was *bespoke*, we do not mean improperly, but merely that very cogent reasons were urged for obtaining a verdict as favourable as circumstances would permit; and in so far as the dramatic world was concerned, the point of success or failure was declaredly of the very deepest importance. Even our philosophy was infected, and we went early to witness the solution of the momentous problem, involving the fame of Shakspeare and the glory of Kean—both matters of immortal interest, no doubt; but we scarcely think both equally at issue upon this occasion. Indeed, it ought to be premised, that the Tragedy as performed is not the Swan of Avon's Lear, but the 3d Number of Elliston's Shakspeare—see Bills—or, in other words, that miserable, mongrel transmutation of Tate's, which most un-chemically changes gold into base metal, and utterly ruins one of the finest conceptions that ever sprang from a human mind. We mean that trashy piece of foppery, which not only destroys the grand, leading, natural idea of the sublime poet, by altering the catastrophe, but which poisons and mangles every member of it,—excludes the privileged fool, that admirable foil to the King's weakness and wandering—introduces a paltry amour between Edgar and Cordelia, thus dispelling by moonshine meetings the whole charm of Poor Tom's assumed madness, and making as common as the scene shifter, the sweet heroine whom the intuitive genius of Shakspeare kept, like a divinity, out of sight, and only

brought back at last to swell the dreadful pathos of his denouement;—converts the creditable steward of Goneril, who ought from his station to be shrewd and steady, into a coxcomb, by way of compensation for the part omitted, consequently, spoiling the excellent scene preceding Kent's being put in the stocks;—and, in fine, contrives so to disguise the original, as to render it quite unnecessary to prohibit the admission of "The free List," out of any notion of the hostility of that happily named body to Shakspeare, whether it be that their enmity arises from being on the free list, or that the grant of being on the free list is owing to their enmity. If the latter, we can only say that Shakspeare has had, and has, about the Theatres, greater foes than they are. But to the performances.—Whatever might be the feeling towards the mighty author, it was very evident that a large portion of the audience was exceedingly well disposed towards the play as about to be acted, and towards the actors. The applause began as soon as possible, that is to say, immediately after the lamps were lighted; and thenceforward every thing was cheered and shouted to—an encouragement, if genuine and within bounds, but an impropriety when carried to so palpable an excess. The first scene was one of indifferent promise. In dowering his daughters, Lear allowed no scope for the bye-speeches of his youngest, for he quitted his throne and came close up to her; and his own delivery of the text indicated but too surely, that all the poetry of Shakspeare would be lost—sacrificed, it may be, for a half dozen striking theatrical effects. So it turned out. None of those delightful passages of lament, of remorse, of self-reproach, of melting tenderness, to which there is a key-note in Kean's voice that might respond so admirably, were rendered even moderately affecting; the whole were dismissed for a few bursts of rage or anguish, some of them very powerful, but others unmeaning and inconsistent. The play proceeded, and it soon became quite clear to our judgment that Lear, (at least if our idea of it be correct) was not a character suited to this able performer. He gave us the passion, but not the dignity; he gave us the declamation, but not the nature; he gave us the folly, but not the fine philosophizing vein of the broken-hearted king. The curse on Goneril was very forcible, yet our blood did not run chill, as it ever did when Kemble pronounced this awful imprecation. During all the tempest scenes, instead of the overflowings of a wounded spirit; the bitterness of a mind stung to the quick by unlooked for ingratitude, "much sharper than a serpent's tooth;" of the pathetic reflections on the instability and guilt of human affairs, Mr. Kean conceived it to be right to anticipate that madness which ought to be afterwards caught, as it were, by infection from Edgar, and to draw a picture of mental alienation, where only a high-wrought indignation and affliction of soul is painted by the author. It was not yet time for

—Matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason in madness.

But Mr. Kean even mistook the obvious import of particular passages: after calling on caitiffs and close pent-up guilt to tremble, at the elemental rage of heaven, Lear, drawing the consoling contrast with himself, exclaims,

—I am a man

More sinned against than sinning—

the performer laid the emphasis on "am," a new but very erroneous reading; and indeed there were several like examples. These however, it would be tedious to enumerate, and we rather state our opinion of his general misconception of the character. He made Lear an idiot,—occasionally a mere daudling old man, twiddling his hands about, fumbling his clothes, patting his brow, and parting his hair with an expression of doubt whether he were really lunatic or not. Many of his sentences were uttered exactly as a drunken person, endeavouring to be plain with big sonorous words, would speak; and the well-known stage trick of horrid suspirations and hysterical growls, was repeated far too often. None of these marks, we presume to think, belong to the true Lear. He is infinitely greater in his madness than when sane. There are forgetfulness, bursts of grief, rage, rarely depression; but nothing like mean imbecility. Shakspeare, indeed, changes his language from poetry to prose; from the heroic measure to an unmeasured style; but assuredly the beautiful sentiments which he puts into his mouth, ought to save him from the misrepresentation of insane and silly helplessness. When he apostrophises the unsophisticated nature of poor Tom, who owes the worm no silk, the beast no hide, &c.; when he bids anatomise the hard heart of Regan; nay, even when he takes his theme from the eyeless Gloucester, and lashes the vices of mankind, his aberrations are somewhat unconnected, yet still of the noblest character. Lear's mind is hurt, not destroyed; his understanding is disturbed, not overthrown; and there are not six sentences, in the whole character, which betray more than a wounded spirit, far less decided insanity. Mr. Kean would do well to re-study it with this consideration: but he took quite another view of the subject, in which, if our premises be accurate, he was decidedly in error. In what he did, the best scene by far was that in which he recovers from his opiate sleep, and recognises Cordelia. He was also much applauded for the way in which he said "Who put my man in the stocks?"—The conclusion, as it now stands, no actor can prevent from being tame; but Mr. Kean made no observable effort to elevate it, and the play wound up like a nursery tale. We have exceeded our bounds, and have no room for the other parts. Rae was very respectable in Edgar, though he left out some fine lines, if they have been permitted to stand in Elliston's Shakspeare. Dowton appeared to us to act Kent in a quizzical way, as if laughing in his sleeve at Lear, and taking no pains to support him. Mrs. West, as Cordelia, in white muslin, deserved much praise; and Mistresses Glover and Egerton, were exceedingly good in all that Goneril and

Regan put in their power. The scenery was only tolerable, and some gaping and nodding trees made a ludicrous exhibition when agitated by the storm. The tragedy is likely to be continued for some time.

On Thursday, the farce of the *King and the Miller of Mansfield* was revived, with Mr. S. Kemble as the Miller. In consequence of some blackguard in the gallery choosing to interrupt the performance, by calling for the health of the queen being drunk, a *rois* was got up, and the acting reduced to dumb show. Shakspeare denies the clown the privilege of saying more than is set down for them; and the stage would soon come to an intolerable pass, if such licence of interpolation were allowed to any one of a promiscuous audience. The thing "is a villainous ambition," (we care not what the matter attempted to be introduced may be,) and the public ought to aid the manager decidedly in resisting the practice.

COVENT GARDEN. *Henri Quatre*.—A dramatic romance so called, composed of sundry French pieces by Mr. Morton, with music got together by Mr. Bishop, has been successfully brought out at this house. It consists of some adventures of Henri in one of those ex-royal rambles of which he was so fond; and an episode of loves, duels, and generous actions, in which two of his officers are the principals; but the plot is too complex for detail, without a greater waste of paper than we are inclined to yield. Suffice it to say, that it is one of those pretty pleasing entertainments, which are seen and listened to with great satisfaction, as they require no effort to follow, and provoke no passion to analyze. The music is uncommonly sweet, and the scenery exquisitely beautiful. Macready in Henri, C. Kemble and Abbott in the Officers, Fawcett, Johnstone (restored for one season more to his friends and the stage), Liston, Emery, Blanchard, Duruset, Hunt, and Egerton, all in parts well suited to their respective talents, give great strength and eclat to the acting; while Misses Stephens, and M. Tree, and a Master Loughurst, augment the melody by some very delicious singing; and Miss Brunton also adds her elegant comic powers to a cast unwontedly rich and comprehensive. The dialogue is terse and amusing: the lyrics very nambly-pamby. Taken altogether, it is long since we saw a more agreeable drama; for though it possesses none of the higher qualities of composition, it is alternately gay and affecting, the incidents are well put together, the story generally interesting, and the performances, musical and histrionic, excellent. There ought to be a canon for theatrical pronunciation,—the law of the prompter, and hung up in the Green Room. The various ways in which Henri is pronounced, is quite amusing;—Hangree, Hongrie, Henry, Henry, Haari, &c. &c. were met by Sully, Soohie, Sullee, Sully, and an equivalent number of intonations, in the name of his prime minister.

THE NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The site of this theatre is determined, and the building will be almost immediately commenced. We hear that forty subscriptions of 250*l.* each, are to constitute the chief fund.

The house will be about 16 feet more in width than the old theatre, and very little more in depth. By this plan, commodious passages may be obtained, and nearly the same admirable size preserved in the stage and audience parts. It will occupy the ground in the Haymarket, now filled by the three houses immediately below the theatre, and facing Charles Street, and thus there is an opportunity of having a handsome front towards St. James's Square. We trust the whole will be managed in a way lucrative to the parties, ornamental to the metropolis, and auspicious to the sterling drama.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—First representation of *Destouches, ou le Philosophe marié*.—Destouches was an avowed enemy of the modern philosophy, which he ridiculed by thousands of epigrams. Perhaps one of the best he ever wrote is the title of the comedy, the *Philosopher married*. Can any thing more completely satirize this singular kind of philosophy, than to represent, as one of its disciples, a man so weak and so far a slave to his dissolute companions, that he is ashamed to own his marriage?

This comedy is looked upon as a sketch of the author's family: he has painted his wife in *Melite*; his sister-in-law in *Celante*; her lover in *Damon*; his own father in *Lisimore*; and himself in *Arite*.

On this anecdotic sketch the new piece is founded. The uncle of Destouches, an old bachelor and a great enemy to matrimony, has sworn to disinherit his nephew if he should ever think of marrying; and he urges him to take orders, to ensure the impossibility of his ever submitting to the yoke of hymen. Destouches, who is already united to an elegant and accomplished woman, determines to keep his marriage a profound secret, through the fear of losing a fine fortune. The embarrassing situation in which he is placed between his uncle, his wife, and her sister, gives rise to several highly comic scenes, and he resolves to introduce them into a new comedy which he intends to bring out, under the title of *le Philosophe marié*. Thus the whole is discovered; but Madame Destouches has, in the mean while, succeeded in overcoming some of the uncle's prejudices, and he gives his consent to the union.

VARIETIES.

Professor Kugelgen, a distinguished painter of Saxony, was murdered last month in the vicinity of Iaschwitz.

The language of the interior of Sumatra, of the Japanese, of the inhabitants of Borneo and the Celebes, of the Philippine Islands, of Japan, of Cambodia, and Siam, are all, (with the exception of some imperfect ideas of the Japanese given in Kämpfer's excellent History of Japan, and Thunberg's Travels,) untouched by Protestant nations, or very little known.

Holyhead Road.—Whilst cutting through the corner of a field, called in Welsh Dol Trebeddw, in the line of road making be-

tween Lima and Cernlogre, the workmen discovered upwards of forty graves, about two yards in length, most of them cased with rough stones, and all lying in the compass of 20 yards by 10. Bones were found in many of them, but not the least vestige of any coffins. On the under side of the stone which covered one of the most perfect of the graves was the following inscription, in rude Roman capitals, the letters in several instances joined together:—

BRo Ho NASLI
IAT HIC IACET
ET VXOREM CAVNE.

This stone is preserved for the inspection of the curious, and may be seen, together with some of the bones, at Pentrefolias. The oldest inhabitants have not the least recollection of hearing anything concerning these graves; but it is very probable, that at a remote period this place was the scene of some of those contests which were continually taking place prior to the subjugation of Wales, and that the township of Trebeddw took its name from the circumstance, Dol Trebeddw signifying the Field of the Graves. *Salopian Journal, April 12.*

Near Oojain, the Mahratta capital, the bergot tree attains a very large size; there is one at Kurrede, a village twenty-five miles south of Neemuck, on the road to Oojain, which covers a space not less than five hundred and fifty yards in circumference; the different stems are innumerable, the parent stem full twelve feet in diameter, of irregular shape, and in its immediate vicinity are about thirty-five stems, from six to eight feet diameter. There is one limb of the parent stock which stretches out in a horizontal direction about one hundred feet, six feet from the ground, and at every ten feet a stem of eighteen inches in diameter falls perpendicularly, and has root in the earth. The last stem rises as a tree different from the others. Viewing this tree, at a little distance from the circle it describes, its appearance is strikingly fine, and through the openings of its branches and foliage other trees are seen in different directions with very pretty effect.

MASONIC ANECDOTE.—At an inn, in a town in the west of England, several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other apartments of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn there was a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge-night, several of the members passed through the kitchen in their way to the Lodge apartments; this introduced observations on the principles of masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could shew any body the Mason's sign; "What," said the tailor, "that of the free and accepted?" "Yes," she replied, "and I will hold you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members whom you please to nominate. "Why," said he, a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you could procure it?" "No mat-

ter for that," added she, "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying, "Come, follow me," which he did, trembling alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the *Lion and Lamb*, asked him whose sign it was? He answered, "It is Mr. Lodgers," (the name of the inn-keeper). "Is he a Free Mason?" "Yes," "Then," said the woman, "I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against poor Snip, for having been taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1820.

Thursday, 20—Thermometer from 41 to 62.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 39.

Wind W. and N. b. W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cloudy about noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Friday, 21—Thermometer from 37 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 46 to 30, 43.

Wind E. b. N. $\frac{1}{2}$ and S. S. E. 1.—Clear.

Saturday, 22—Thermometer from 34 to 67.

Barometer, from 30, 52 to 30, 55.

Wind E. b. S. $\frac{1}{2}$ and N. E. 1.—Clear.

Sunday, 23—Thermometer from 36 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 64 to 30, 63.

Wind N. E. 2.—Clear.

Monday, 24—Thermometer from 36 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 68 to 30, 65.

Wind N. N. E. 1 and 3.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 25—Thermometer from 36 to 63.

Barometer from 30, 60 to 30, 34.

Wind N. E. 3 and 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Wednesday, 26—Thermometer from 29 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 16 to 29, 89.

Wind S. W. and N. W. 1.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone many articles meant for insertion.

John Braddick is assured, that we called the Society of Friends, Quakers, with no contumelious intent, but merely to alter the phraseology of our critique; and certainly not imagining that a name so commonly applied could be held as ought but a distinction now, however sarcastically employed in the first instance. Other sects, the Methodists, for example, glory in that which was originally a nickname and reproach.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

THE SIXTEENTH Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colors, is now open, at the Great Room, Spring Gardens. Admission 1s.—Catalogues 6d.

COPLEY FIELDING, Sec.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh, sitting on a ass's colt."

Paternoster Row.—To Booksellers, Merchants, Wholesale Druggists, and others.

TO LET, either together or separate, a large and commodious DWELLING HOUSE, consisting of upwards of twelve rooms, with a spacious double-fronted Shop, two convenient counting-houses attached to it, and a good back warehouse, capacious cellaring, &c. being No. 32, Paternoster Row. The whole calculated for carrying on an extensive concern. N. B. A lease for a moderate term of years will be granted if required. For further particulars apply at No. 47, Paternoster Row.

BENEVOLENT FUND for RELIEVING the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of ARTISTS. The Friends and Patrons of the Arts are respectfully informed, that the ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY of the INSTITUTION will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday, 1st May, being the day the Royal Exhibition opens to the public. The Most Noble the Marquis of LANSDOWNE in the Chair.

ROBERT BALMANN, Honorary Secretary. Tickets 17s. to be had of the Stewards; at the Taverns or of the Secretary, 23, Mornington Place, Regent's Park. Dinner on the Table at half-past five precisely. The Benevolence of this Institution may be claimed as matter of right by the Widows and Orphans of all Artists of merit, residing in the United Kingdom, who contribute an annual trifle (too small to be named) in aid of a Supplemental Fund for their own relief, should their necessities ever require it. There is no restriction of numbers or country. All Artists of merit are hereby invited to join and partake in its benefits.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

The following Works will be published very shortly, by Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street.

In 2 large vols. 8vo. with plans, price 14. 10s.

1. THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their Customs illustrated from Modern Travels. By William Brown, D. D. Minister of Exekdalemin.

2. In one vol. 8vo. second edition, considerably enlarged, with plans, price 12s. An Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815, illustrated by Plans of the Operations, and of the Battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo. By Captain Batty, of the First or Grenadier Guards.

3. Paris. In Imperial 8vo. price 12s. Part III. of Views in Paris and its Vicinity, by Captain Batty, containing, 1. The Louvre from the Pont Neuf; 2. Triumphant Column on the Place du Chatelet; Notre Dame and the Isle de Palais; 4. St. Germain; 5. Rouen Cathedral. Proofs in 4to. price 18s. To be completed in twelve numbers.

4. In one volume, royal 4to. Journal of a Tour through part of the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains, and to the Sources of the Rivers Jumna and Ganges. With Notes on the Hills at the foot of the Himala Range between the River Sutlej and Alaknanda; in the course and towards the close of the Gorkha War in 1816. By James Millie Fraser, Esq.

5. In Elephant folio, uniform with Daniel's Oriental Scenery, and Salt's Views in Abyssinia, Twenty Views in the Himala Mountains, illustrative of the foregoing Travels, engraved from the Original Drawings made on the spot. By James Millie Fraser, Esq. The price of this Work will be to Subscribers previous to publication, Twenty Guinea, after which it will be raised to Twenty-five Guinea.

6. Sir Warbeck of Wolfstein; a Novel, by Miss Holford.

Just published, by Harvey and Darton, 55, Gracechurch Street.

POEMS. By BERNARD BARTON. 8vo. boards. 10s. 6d.

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